"You shan't die," she breathed

But he shook his head and his fig-

are sagged a little against her knees.

slowly. "It's all right now-I've done

got here. That's enough-I loves ye."

For a time she wondered whether

cushions with which to soften his po-

She sat there beside him, and as her

heart beat close to him he seemed to

tality, for he revived a little, and

had to bend down to catch his words,

"I ain't never felt lonesome-before

last of my family-I had to come.

Dyin' ain't like livin'-I couldn't die

perately. "You sha'n't die."

"You aren't dying," she argued des

"It ain't that-" His breath came

with great difficulty. "They'll come

back here. They'll get me yet-an' I'd

She laid his head very gently on the

pillows and rose to her feet. In the

instant she stood transfigured. Deep

in her violet eyes blazed such a blue

fire as that which burns at the hot-

test heart of a flame. Around her lips

came the grim set of fight and blood

The crushed flower on her bosom

rose and fell under a violent tempest

of passion. The skirt of her evening

gown had been torn in her effort to

carry him. Somehow one slik stock-

ing was snagged above her slipper

His blood reddened her white arms

and bosom. She drew a deep breath

and clenched her hands. The dis-

ciple of peace was gone, and there

stood there in its stead the hot-

breathed incarnation of some valky

Yet her voice was colder and stead-

"Get you!" she exclaimed scorn

that threshold while I live. I'm a Ha

vey now and we live or die together.

upset the great oaken table and bar-

ricaded the door, laughing as she

She went and stood before her rack

joy of a barbarian sacking a temple.

wait long, for soon she heard hoof-

beats in the road, and they stopped

it took all her strength to command

There was an instant's silence in

the first misty gray that was bringing

A stifled murmur of voices came

from the road, and she caught the

moment later someone called out sul-

leave thet house. We're a-comin' in.

an' we'd rather not ter harm ye. Git

"Ye can't save me, dearest. It's

Her answer was to cry out into the

Come and get him," and for added em-

phasis she crouched behind the over

turned table and fired a random shot

out toward the voice that had offered

From the earlier happenings of the

evening the men out there knew that

for the man and the girl, and they

knew that the man was terribly wound-

Their peering eyes, in the dim gray,

could just make out an empty door.

Back of it was one woman, and they

was worth an hour at another time

It behooved them, when full daylight

came, to be well away from sure ven-

geance. The obvious demand of the

Killing women was, even to them

distasteful, but they had offered her

exigency was to rush the place.

immunity, and she had declined.

'We gives ye three minutes ter

words, "He's in thar all right."

lenly from the shadows:

pleaded Anse Havey tensely.

her voice. "Halt where you are."

just at the turn.

the veiled sunrise.

out quick."

her amnesty.

kicked it viciously to one side.

wild laugh. "Let them come!"

She

er than he had ever heard it.

urging on the fight.

pointed to the door.

fully.

come.

without ye."

ruther die first."

his voice grew somewhat stronger.

sition. It was almost daybreak now.

dercely between her teeth. "My arms

to die in your arma!'

shall always be around you."

THE BATTLE CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK AUTHOR of "The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS" ILLUSTRATIONS & C.D. RHODES COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

audibly.

world.

sounds.

breath.

does it?

tenderness.

with kisses.

dearest, if I live."

over to the gun-rack.

one shall I give you?"

of the head.

hardened and the law angle stiffened

and the lips drew themselves into

She looked again into the face of the

mountaineer, the feudist, of the wild

For a moment they remained mo-

tionless, and her fingers rested on

his arms and felt the strain on his

"God!" he muttered almost in-

"What is it?" she whispered, but

he replied only with a warning shake

Once more he stood listening, then

gently turned her so that his body

was between her and the outside

open door and followed her inside.

"What is it, Anse? What did you

hear out there?" Her face had gone

pallid and she clung to his arms with

a grip that indicated no intention of

"Nothin' much. Just the crackin' o

a twig or two; just some steps in the

bush that was too cautious to sound

honest; little noises that wouldn't

mean much if I didn't know what they

do mean. They weren't friendly

"Who? What do you mean?"

toward the closed door.

They're after me."

Her voice came in a low panic of

whispering, and even as she spoke the

man was listening with his head bent

He laughed mirthlessly under his

"I don't know who they've nicked

But I know they've picked

I've been lookin' for it, but

"This was my night-

out to get me. It don't matter much,

it seems they might have let me have

tonight-" His lips smiled, and for

an instant his eyes softened again to

Suddenly he wheeled and caught

ing with a sudden and sickening ter-

He bent low and covered her tem

ples and cheeks and lips and eyes

me, I'll be back. I'm a comin' back,

the last man to leave my rifle here,

an' I reckon I've got to be the first

She came slowly over, conscious

that ice-water seemed to have taken

"My own!" His voice was for the

reckon my own gun's good enough for

She withdrew the rifle from the

rack herself, and he took it from her

accepted it she threw her arms about

him again and clung to him wildly,

The crushing grasp of his arms hurt

her and she felt a wild joy in the

"Go, dearest, go! Time is precious

"Juanita," he said slowly, "I have

refused to talk to you in good speech.

only fiercely, but gently too. No ten-

derer worship lives in your own world.

If I don't come back, think of that.

"Don't, Anse!" she cried with a

smothered sob, "Don't talk like a soft-

muscled lowlander! Talk to me in

your own speech. It rings of strength.

she added with flerce tenderness, "God

knows, dear, eagle-heart, you need all

the strength of wing and talon to-

away and melt instantly into the

CHAPTER XXV.

Out there the moon was setting

ening gloom could give him. It was

casional whippoorwill call and the qui-

terribly quiet now, except for an oc

Then she opened the back door very

God keep you!"

God knows I love you."

night.

everywhere.

the place of hot blood in her veins,

bow he would draw in battle.

me. It has been till today."

Her answer was a low moan.

"God knows, when I came here to-

He thrust her back into the

CHAPTER XXIV-Continued. -12-

The school buildings slept in silent their old line of warlike sternness. shadows, except that from the open door of the room where her plano stood there came a soft flooding of creature turning to stand at bay. lamplight-a single dash of orange in the nocturne of silver and gray. He went up very quietly, pausing to drink of the fragrance of the honey- tautened biceps. suckle, and there drifted out to him, as he paused, the music of the plano and the better music of her voice.

She was singing a love song. Though he had sent no word of his coming, she was once more in evening dress, all black save for a crimson flower at her breast and one in her hair. But this time the sight of her in a costume so foreign to the hills did not distress him; it was a

night that called for wonders. She rose as the man's footstep sounded on the floor, and then, at memory of their last meeting, the color mounted to her cheeks and he took her again in his arms.

She raised her hands to his shoulders and tried to push him away, but he held her firmly, and while she sought to tell him that they must find their way back to the colorless level of friendship, he could feel the wild flutter of her heart.

"Listen," she protested. "You must listen.

But Bad Anse Havey laughed. "Ever since the first time I say ve." he declared. "I've been listenin'. It has been a duel always between you and me. But the duel's over now, an' this time I win.'

She looked up and her pupils began to widen with that intense gaze which is the drawing aside of the curtains from a woman's soul, and as though she realized that she could not trust herself to his eyes, she turned her face away. Only in its profile could he read the struggle between mind and heart, and what he read filled him with elation.

"Anse," she said in a very low voice, "give me a truce. For one hour let me think: it involves both our lives for always; let me at least have the chance to be sane. Give me an hour.

The man stepped back and re leased her, and she turned and led the way out to the porch, where she sank down in the hammock with ner to go, but if I come through, an' there's face buried in both hands, When at a breath or a drop of blood left in length she looked up she was smiling rather wanty ...

"It can't be, dear," she said. But white she argued with words and ostensible reasons, the night was arguing, too-arguing for him with all its sense-steeping fragrance and alluring cadences and appeals to sleeping fires in their hearts!

And while she talked he made no to take it out again. I'm sorry. Will response, but sat there silently attentive. At last he looked at his watch you give it to me or must I take it her, half crawling, stopping at every and put it back in his pocket. He without permission?" rose and said quietly, but with a tone of perfect finality:

"Your truce is over." "But don't you see? You haven't answered one of my arguments."

Anse Havey laughed once more. "I didn't come to argue," he said; "I came to act." He drew from his

pocket the license and the ring. "Brother Anse Talbot is waitin' over at my house to marry us. Will you go over there or shall I go back an'

fotch him here?" She took an involuntary step toward him with lifted arms, and then, with a strong effort, as if struggling against a spell, she drew back again,

and her voice came very low and broken. "I can't—I can't!" she pleaded.
"But I wish to God I could."

Then Anse Havey began to speak.

"Ye've talked, an' I've listened to ye. Ye've taken my life away from me an' made it a little scrap of your own life-ye've let us both come to needin' each other more than food an' drink an' breath. For me there's no life without ye. In all the earth there's just you-you-you! For every true woman in the world a day comes when there's just one man, an' for every man there's just one woman. When that day comes nothin' else counts. That's why all them reasons of yours don't mean anything."

His voice had the ring of triumph as he added: "You're goin' to marry me tonight. Come!"

He raised both arms and held them out, and though for a moment she hung back, her eyes were still trresistibly held by his and the magnetism that dwelled in them. With a gasp ing exclamation that was half surren der and half echo of his own triumph

As she locked her fingers caressingly behind his dark head she wished for words fine and splendid beyond the ordinary to tell him of her love. But

no phrases of eloquence came Then she felt his arms grow abrupt ly rigid and he was pressing her from him with a gentle Insistence, while his face turned to peer into the moonlight with the tensity of one who is listening not only with his ears, but with

very nerve of his being.

Slowly he drew back, still tense the oppression of something unspeakevery nerve of his being. and alert, and from his eyes the ten- ably terrifying. The breath of hillder glow died until they narrowed and side and sky was bated.

POSTSCRIPTS

Argentina's broweries annually pro-

half gallous to each resident of that

duce enough beer to give two and

At last there came to her ears the ound of heavy feet crashing through the brush, but he had been gone ten minutes then. Perhaps they had just awakened to his escape and were castng aside stealth for the fury of open She even thought she heard an oath once, and then it was all quiet again; quiet for a while, and at the end of the silence, like the punctuation of an exclamation-mark, came the far-away snap of a rifle.

She had dropped to a chair and sat there tensely, leaning forward, her lips parted and her ears straining. Had she heard one shot and its echo, or had there been several? Her imagination and fears were playing her tricks now, and she could hardly be certain of her senses.

The passage of time was a thing of which she had lost count. Each moment was a century.

Then, with a violent start, she sat up. Now she knew she heard a sound -there could be no doubt this time. It came from out beyond the front door, and she bent forward, listen-

ing. It was a strange sort of sound which she could not make out, but in a subtle way it was more terrifying than the clatter of rifles. It was as if some heavy, soft thing were being dragged

up the steps and rolling back. She rose and took a step toward the door, but halted in doubt. The sound died and then came again, always with halting intervals of silence between, as though whoever were dragging the burden had to pause on each step to rest. Then there was a scraping as of boot-leather on the boards and a labored breath outside-

a breath that seemed to be agonized. She bent forward with one hand outstretched toward the latch, and heard a faint rapping. It was seemingly the rap of very feeble fingers, but that might all be part of a ruse. Was it friend or enemy out there, just beyond the thickness of the heavy panels? At all events, she must see, She braced herself and threw the door open. A figure which had been leaning against it lurched forward,

in a heap, half in and half out. It was the figure of Anse Havey. How far he had hitched himself along, foot by foot, like a mortally wounded animal crawling home to die, she could not tell, but for one horrified instant she stood gazing down on

stumbled over the threshold and fell

him in stupefaction. He had gone out a splendid vital creature of resilient strength and powher fiercely in his arms holding her er. He hr I come back the torn and very close, and now her heart was bleeding wreck of a man, literally beating more wildly than before-beatshot to pieces, as a quail is shattered when it rises close to a quick-shooting

In the next moment she was stooping with her arms around his body. striving to lift his weight and bring night," he declared, talking fast and him in. She was strong beyond all seeming of her slenderness, but the passionately, "I didn't aim to ever go man was heavy, and as she raised his away again without ye. Now I've got head and shoulders a sound of bittenoff and stifled agony escaped his white lips, and she knew that her efforts were torturing him.

It was an almost lifeless tongue that whispered, "I was skeered-that He released her at last and went I-wouldn't get here."

Then as she staggered under his Standing before her shrine of guns, inert bulk he tried to speak again. in her temple of disarmament, he 'Jest help-drag me." said slowly: "Dearest, I was about

The few yards into the hall made a

long and terrible journey, and how she ever got him in, half hanging to step, she never knew. Still it was done at last, and she was kneeling that her knees were trembling, and the floor with his head on her breast No wonder they had left him for dead and gone away content. He "If you need it," she faltered, "take looked up and a faint smile came to it, dear-nothing else matters- Which his almost unrecognizable face. The blood which had already dried and caked with the dust through which he instant imperious. It was almost as had crawled was being fed by a freshif someone had asked Ulysses what er outpouring, and, as she held him

were red too, as red as the flower pinned in her hair. She must stanch his wounds and pour whisky down his throat before trembling hands, but when he had the flickering wisp of life-flame burned

"I close to her, her own bosom and arms

out. "Wait, dearest," she said in a broher eyes wide with silent suffering ken voice. "I must get things you

"It ain't"-he paused a moment for the breath which came very hard-"scarcely-worth while-I'm done."

pain. Then she resolutely whispered: But she flew to the cupboard where there was brandy. She tore linen from her petticoat and brought water from the drinking bucket that stood I have clung to the rough phrases and with its gourd dipper on the porch. the rough manners of the hills, but But when she pressed the flask to I want you to know always, most his lips he closed them and shook his too late. For God's sake, go out," dear one, that I have loved you not

head a little.

"I ain't never touched a drop in my life," he said, "an' I reckon-I might's dawn in a voice that could not be miswell-finish out-'twon't be long. It's understood, "Anse Havey's in here. too late to begin now."

For a while he lay gasping, then spoke again, weakly:

"Just kiss me-dearest-thet's what come for." and God knows"—her voice broke, and After a pause he spoke again "There's one thing-I've got to ask

ye: Why did ye swear-ye didn't care Her head came up and she an swered steadily:

cautiously on the shadows that crept "Dearest, I'd never asked myself into inky blackness, and saw him slip that question until the lawyer asked it. I didn't know the answer myself, but if I did love you, I meant to tell were five men. Ordinarily they would you first; it was our business, not his. have moved slowly, coming up from I was there to help you, and it several sides, but now every minute wouldn't have helped you to tell them that I was fighting for my own heart. Soon, thank God, it would be dark And, besides, I didn't know then, The man she loved

needed all the chance that the thick- quite.' She went on bathing and stanching his wounds as best she could, but a spirit of despair settled on her. There were so many of them, and they were so deep and ragged!

"I didn't-come for help," he told forward. ier, and through the grime and blood I

She saw figures climbing the fence

At a whispered word they started

Inclusive of all ranks, 68,000 me are serving in the navy of the United

Idaho established new high record st year, for its production of silver, lead and zinc.

Baron Stephen Burian von Rojez appointed to succeed Count Leop on Berchtold as American minister of foreign affairs, has been Hungarian A company of Indiana has been re-cruited in Canada and sent across the water to be used for scouting pur-chief of administration for Bosnia and

came because—I'm dyin'—an' I wanted started on at a crouching trot she aimed quickly but steadily and fired.

A little cry of primitive and savage joy sprang from her lips as she saw the man plunge forward in the bair

ground.

"I know-when I'm done," he said But at that warning the others leaped down and came on at a run. The tempo quickened and became confusing. They were firing as they ran he had lost consciousness, and she and their answering bullets pelted against her barrier and over her head laid him down slowly and brought on the walls. She heard window panes shivering and glass falling, and yet her elation grew-two more advancing that kin marry ye with due ceremo figures had crumpled into inert nies, but I reckon I hain't never been masses. Unless there were re-enforce gladder ter do nothin' in my life-ef draw from it some of its abundant viments she would stem their oncoming though his eyes were closed and she tide. Even a mountain marksman cannot target his shots well while he is him, as she put a hand on each rough running and under fire. It takes shoulder, "I had rather it should be championship sprinting to do fifty yards in five seconds-on the smooth-But out there-dyin' by myself-the ness of a cinder path.

Up-hill in a constant spit of fire and lead it requires a little longer. There were only two left now, and one of them suddenly veered and made for the cover of a hickory trunk But the other came on, throwing the

azine pistol to his right hand. It was easy now, thought the girlshe could take her time and be very

sure. Yet she shot and missed, and the man came on with the confidence of one who wears a talisman and fears steps and his pistol was barking viciously-then suddenly something in the mechanism of Juanita's rifle jammed and it lay useless and dead in her hands. She struggled with it, frantically jerking the lever, but before she had conquered its balking obstinacy she saw the oncoming figure leap up the steps at one stride and thrust his weapon forward over the table. She even caught the glitter of his teeth as a snarling smile parted his lips.

hovering over the din of battle and Then a rifle spoke behind her-a rifle in the hands of the man who had dragged himself to the firing line, and with his foot on the threshold Jim Fletcher reeled backward and rolled lumberingly down the steps to the "No man but a Havey crosses ground.

"You got him!" she screamed. "You got him. Anse!"

Get you!" Her voice broke with a It had been perhaps five minutes since she had called out to the men No bitterly bred daughter of the in the road, but it seemed to her that hills was ever so completely the she had sustained a long siege. She mountain woman as this transformed saw the man who had fled crossing and reborn girl of the cultured East. the fence and disappearing. Then She moved about the place with a very slowly she rose and turned to indomitable energy. With the room again. strength borrowed of the need, she

Anse Havey was lying on his face and the gun with which he had killed heard the clatter of pedagogic vol. Jim Fletcher lay by his side, but his umes on the floor. Fox's "Book of posture was so rigid and his limbs Martyrs" fell at her feet, and she so motionless that the girl caught at her breast and reeled backward. She would have fallen had she not been supported by the table. Had the fight of guns, and her lips curied as she been lost, after all?

caught up a heavy-calibered repeater Slowly, and in a daze of reaction with all the fierce desire of a drunkard for his drink. She stood there loading and fright, she moved forward and turned his body over and laid her ear rifles and setting them in an orderly

line against the wall. She devastated to his heart. It was still beating. The rifle had her altar of peace with the untamed only folted his weak and pain-racked body into unconsciousness, and as she Then she turned and saw in the held his head to her breast her eyes man's eyes a wild glow of admiration went about the room, where the palthat burned above his fever, and she lid light was stealing now, and by the said to him once more, "Now let 'em mantel she saw hanging the horn that

erry Everson had given h He shook his head, but strangely Why had she not thought of that be enough her love and awakened ferocfore? she asked herself accusingly ity had strengthened and quickened Why had she not sent its call for him like brandy, and he pleaded: help out across the hills long ago? "Drag me over where I can get just Then there came back to her mind the words of the mountain man when he Then Juanita blew out the lamp and had brought it over and had imitated

stood silent in the hush that comes the Havey battle-call. before dawn. She did not have to "Don't never blow thet unlessen ye wants ter start hell. When them calls goes out acrost the mountains every Havey that kin tote a gun's got ter "Hello, stranger!" she shouted, and

git up an' come." If ever there had been a time when every Havey should come it was this time. She laid Anse's head once more on the cushions and went to the man-

tel. Then, standing in the door, she drew a long breath. She set the horn to her lips and blew. Out across the melting vagueness of the dim world floated the three long blasts and the three short ones

She waited a little while and blew again. That signal could not reach Anse Havey's own house, because the ridge would send it echoing back in a shattered wave of sound. It would be better heard to the east, and after a time there came back to her waiting ears, very low and distant, yet very clear, an answer.

It came from the house of Milt Mc Briar, and Juanita's heart, torn and anxious as it was, leaped, for she knew that for the first time in the memory of man the Havey call to note of pride. "Besides, young feller, arms had been heard and was being have you got any more notches on the answered by a chief of the McBriars, and that as fast as horses could carry the school property was empty save them he and his men would bring suc-

An hour later, when the mountain slopes were unveiling in miracles of iridescence and tender color, young Milt McBriar and his escort flung themselves from their steaming mounts.

The girl was weeping incoherently over an insensible figure and crooning to it as a mother sings to quiet a wakeful child, and on the floor at her side lay a piece of paper reddened and spotted with blood - a marriage

"Milt," she cried out, "get Brother Anse; get him quick!" and she waved | cle improves in appearance, acquiring

Kneeling with her on the floor, Milt took the license from her hand, and pure silk may cost hundreds of dollars.

Mortality Measures Intelligence. Sir Arthur Newsholme, eminer

English physician, said that infant mortality is the most sensitive index we have of social welfare. "If babies were well born and well cared for, heir mortality would be negligible The infant death rate measures the intelligence, health, and right living of fatners and mothers, the standards of morals and sanitation of communi-

"I'm afraid," he told her gravely,

T'm afraid hit's too late. He kain't hardly live. "Get Brother Anse," she insisted wildly. "Get him quick. I'm going to light and lie there rolling on the be his wife." Her voice broke into a deep sob as she added: "If I can't be

> Widow Havey. And when Brother Anse came he found Anse still alive, smiling faintly up into the face of the woman who sat with his head in her lap.

anything else, I'm going to be the

"I'm sorry," said the missionary simply, "thet ye hain't got a preacher only he kin git well."

"Brother Anse," Juanita Havey told you than the archbishop of Canterbury.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

People in the mountains still talk of how, while Anse Havey lay on a white cot in the little hospital, young off to one side-he was in full flight. Milt McBriar set out toward Peril. He stopped for a moment at the house of Bad Anse Havey, and within twenty rifle away and shifting his heavy magminutes the hills were being raked. Young Milt killed a horse getting to Jeb McNash's cabin on Tribulation and Jeb' killed another getting to Peril. Then from Lexington came two surgeons as fast as a special train could bring them, and, thanks to a no harm. Now he was almost at the dogged life spark, they found Anse Havey still lingering on the margin.

When they removed him from the operating table back to his cot and he opened his eyes to consciousness, the sun was coming through the shaded window, but even before he knew that, he saw her face bending over him and felt cool fingers on his fore head.

As his eves opened her smile greeted him, and she brushed his lips with her own. Then, in a tone of command, she said: "You mustn't talk The doctors say you may get well if you obey orders and fight hard. It's partly up to you, Anse."

Once more there hovered around the man's lips that occasional boyish

"I reckon," he said slowly, "they'll have the hell of a time killin' me now!" Then he added in a tone of more grimness: "Besides, there's a score or two to settle."

The girl shook her head and smiled. Her fingers rested caressingly on the dark hair that fell over his forehead. "No. Anse," she told him. "I settled most of them myself."

Even the detachment of the murder squad that had played its part in the acre woods and started for Peril before the five turned back did not reach their destination, but scattered into the hillsides. When morning brought the news of their attempt they tried to make their escape across the mountains to Virginia.

But there was a grim and relentless system about the movement of two posses that set out to comb the timber. Daring to approach no house for food, the fugitives united and took up their stand in a stanch log cabin which had been deserted, and died

there, grimly declining to surrender. Of course the railroad came up Tribulation and crossed through the notch in the mountains at the gap, but the railroad came on terms quite different

One day there rode away from the college a gay little procession on its

way to the McBriar domain. At its head rode Young Milt, and on a pillion behind him, as mountain brides had always ridden to their own houses, sat Dawn McBriar. That was some years ago, and at the big log house there is a toddling, tow-headed young person now whose Christian name is Anse Havey, though his father insists he is to be ultimately known as "Bad Anse" McBriar.

One autumn day, when the air was as full of sparkle as champagne, and the big sugar tree just outside the hospital window was flaming in an ecstasy of color, Miss Dawn Havey opened her eyes on the world and found it acceptable.

Jeb McNash was riding through the country that October seeking election to the legislature. He drew his horse down by the

"Anse," he said in his slow drawl, "it's a pity she's a gal now, hain't it?" Anse shook his head. "I reckon." he said, "she's got more chance to be like her mother. Her mother made these hills better for being here, and

He looked cautiously about and dropped his voice, as if speaking of a forbidden subject, yet into it crept a stock of your gun than she has?"

Aniline dyes have not added to the reputation of the carpets of Persia, lately invaded by the Turks. At one time the only dyes used in the Persian carpet industry came from indigo, madder and vine leaves. From these were evolved many delicate shades impervious to the action of sunlight. With aniline dyes the colors fade much more rapidly. In Persia you may see new rugs spread on the floors of bazears, so that many feet may tread on them. By such hard wear-provided the colors are fast—the genuine arti an attractive gloss. A Persian carpe of the best kind has a marvelous num ber of stitches, and a hearth rug of

Scientific Advance. The chemical engineer of the United States bureau of mines has discovered a new method for producing gasoline. He has also found a way to manufac-ture toluol and benzol from petroleum.

These last-named products are used in aking smokeless powder. Small Amount Mrs. Meyser-Could you give me a ittle money, my dear! Mr. Meyser-Certainly, my dear!

flashed a ghost of his rare and boyish in shadowy, almost impalpable shapes, smile. "I'm past mendin' now. I and as the first dropped inside and his head. FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP came because—I'm dvin'—an' I wanted started on at a crouching trot sha HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canac the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of the idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Mauftoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37,50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had

money left.' That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year, when no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields

than these. G. E. Davidson of Manitou, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres of older land. He got 2,186 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 60 acre field, or over 581/2 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitou, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitou, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement,

Out of It.

"Pa, what's 'innocuous desuctude'?" "It's what I fall into, son, when your mother and a caller start to discussing the servant problem."

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00,-Adv.

"Nice hat you have. How much did

t cost you?" "Can't say yet. I've had it three weeks, and it's cost about \$14. I suppose it will stand me a couple of hundred before I get through."

"Couple of hundred?" "Yes, getting it back every day from the tip boy at the restaurants.'

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your Eyes young and you will look young After the Movies Murine Your Eyes. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Great Business Head. "He's one of our most successful business men."

"That so? What's his secret?" "Well, in the first place he insists upon his clerks selling his customers what they want; not what the clerks themselves wear." — United Free Press.

To Prevent the Grip Colds cause Grip — Laxative Brome Quint moves the cause. There is only one "I Quining." E. W. GROVE'S signature on bo

Ready to Promise. "De you promise to love, honor and herish this woman?" "Yes," said the politician. "What

ver the platform is, I subscribe to it.' THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.
You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Very Much So. "What a fresh complexion Miss.

"Yes; she's just put it on."

that three wireless telegraph stations depend upon windmills to furnish

For emergency use a wooden auto-mobile tire has been invented made in sections which are bolted to the rim So steady are the winds at Curaco

Germany consumes more pork that

any other kind of meat. Awerican cotton mills are now us ing more than 5,000,000 bales of cotton a year as compared with 1,000,000 bales 45 years ago.

The seat of a new bathtub chair will remain level no matter in what position the device is attached inside or outside of a tub. A motor-driven siren has been in vented for fire alarm purposes, having

the advantage that it can be operated

See islands.

CONDENSATIONS States of America. Japan is exporting flour to the South

there are 12 aeroplanes and two dirigi-Turkey at present has about 987,900 nen in the army in addition to the ter-

In the Japanese military air service

ties and governments, the efficiency of physicians, nurses, health officers